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THE
L O N D O N
S P Y.

For the *Month of December, 1699.*

The Second Volume.

P A R T II.

The Second Edition.

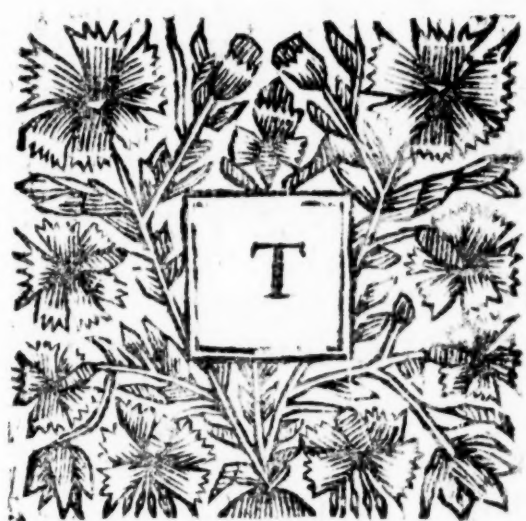


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MOND
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THE LONDON SPY.



THE merry *Christmas* Carnival being now come on, when the good Housewife makes her Husband Eat his Dinner upon a Trencher, to preserve her new Scour'd Plates in their shining Beauty, and Pinches the Guts of her Servants for the preceding Week, that her Windows may be splendidly adorn'd with superstitious Greens, and that her Minc'd-Pies and Plumb-Poridge may be Richer than her Neighbours. We Rambled from the Reverend Doctors boarded Theatre, who being lately Disgusted at the Ingratitude of his Audience, has divested 'em of their Cushion and Pulpit-Cloath, which he had before Presented them with, and has left 'em as Lost Sheep, to run headlong to Destruction without a Guide.

Being now got quite out of our Knowledge, we wandred about like a couple of Runaway Prentices, having confin'd our selves to no particular Port, *Uncertainty* being our *Course*, and meer *Accident* our *Pilot*. Every Street we pass'd thro' smelling as strong of *Roast-Beef* and *Rosemary*, as *Pye-Corner* does of *Pig* and *Pork* in the wicked Season of *St. Bartholomews*. Journey-men and Prentices we met every where as thick as Fools in *Cheapside* flocking to S—m's Lottery: The former to Collect their *Christmas-Box-money*, and the latter to see themselves Cozen'd out of their Foolish Expectancies. Every Ale-house we came at was serenaded with a Drum, to thunder their Rattle-headed Customers into a Humour of spending their Pence like *Asses*, which they had got like *Horses*. Every now and then we came to a common Vaulting-School, where peeping in, we saw Drunken *Tarpaulins* and their *Taudry-Trulls* Dancing to a *Scotch* Bagpiper, or a Blind Fiddler; where, according to Mother *Shiptons* Prophecy, there were seven Women to one Man; and at least seventeen *Strumpets* to one that had *Modesty* enough in her looks to be thought otherwise. Sometimes meeting in the Street with a Boats-Crew, just come on shore in search of those Land-Debaucheries which the Sea denies 'em: Looking like such Wild, Staring, Gamesome, Uncooth Animals, that a Litter of Squab *Rhinoceroses*,

ceroffes, drest'd up in Humane Apparrel, could not have made to me a more ungainly appearance; so Mercurial in their Actions, and Rude in their Behaviour, That a Woman could not pass 'em, but they fell to Sucking her Lips like so many *Horse-Leaches*; and were ready to Ride her in the open Street, as if they were absolute Strangers to all Christian Civility; and could have committed a *Rape* in Publick, without a sense of Shame, or fear of Danger; quarrelling with one another, who should have the first Kiss, like so many Wanton Puppies after her Proud Ladyship, Snarling and contending who shall be next happy in her Beastly Favors. Every Post they came near, was in danger of having its Head broke; for every one as he pass'd by, would give the Senceless Block a bang with his Oaken Cudgel, as if they wish'd every Post they met with, to be either the *Purser* or the *Boatswain*. The very Dogs in the Street, I observ'd shun'd 'em, with as much Fear and Aversion, as a *Loitering Vagrant* would a Gang of *Presc-Masters*, being so Caution'd against their Ill Usage by the stripes they have formerly receiv'd, that as soon as ever he sees a Seaman, away runs the poor Cur, with his Tail between his Legs, to avoid the danger of the approaching Evil. I could not forbear Reflecting on the Prudence of such Parents who send their Unlucky Children to Sea to *Tame* and *Reform* 'em; which I am well satisfied is like sending a Knave into *Scotland*, to learn Honesty; a Fool into *Ireland*, to learn Wit; or a Clown into *Holland*, to learn Breeding; by any of which Measures, they that send 'em may be sure that instead of mending the Ill Habits they have contracted, the first will return more *Wild*, the Second more *Knavish*, the third more *Foolish*, and the fourth a greater *Clown*.

By the time we had made these Observations and Reflections on those *Maritime* kind of *Monsters*, who had little more to show they were *Men*, than that they walk'd Upright, we were straggld into *Wappen*; and being pritty well tired with our Walk, we went into a *Publick-House* to refresh our selves with a Sneaker of Punch, as being the most likely to be the best Liquour that end of the Town could afford us: The first Figure that accosted us at our Enterance, was a Female *Wappineer*, whose Crimson Countenance, and duple-Chin, contain'd within the borders of a White Callico Hood, made her fiery Face look in my fancy, like a round red hot Iron glowing in a Silver Chavendish; The rest of her Body being in proportion to her Head, bore so Corpulent a grace, that had a Bag of Cotten, or a Wooll-Pack been lac'd into a pair of Stays, adorn'd with Petecoats, and put upon Stilts it would have made a Figure of such Similitude to her person, that the best Wax-worker, or Carver in *Christendom*, could not have represented her in either of their Arts, with truer Dimentions, or greater Likeness. My Friend having a Sword on, I observed to him she was most respectful, asking him, in a Voice as hoarse as a Boatswain aboard a Kings-Ship, *What will you please to drink, Noble Captain?* Believing she could distinguish a Commander from an interior Tar as well by his Sword, as she could a *Monkey* from a *Jack-a-napes* by his Tail. After we had answered her question, she had soon prepar'd us a little Bowl of her Spiritual *Diapente*, which, for want of better, we were forc'd to dispencc with. Up in the Chimney-Corner sat a great hulking Fellow Smoaking a short Pipe of Stinking Tobacco, looking as Melancholy

lancholy upon the Fire as a Female Wretch does upon *Smithfield Piles* when she is brought thither to be Burnt for High Treason. By and by in comes my Landlady, and like a true Lover of Industry, begins to read him a Lecture against Laziness, tormenting the Ears of the poor dejected Water-rat, with a severe Reprehension, after the following manner; *Why how do you think, John, in your Conscience, I am able to maintain you in this Lazy life that you lead? Thou knowst I have 'no Money, God help me, but what I work as hard for as any Woman in the Parish; therefore, John, it behoves thee to consider I am not able to let thee lie upon me in this condition. Why what a Rope ails you Mother?* reply'd the Fellow. *Why you wou'd not have the Conscience to turn me a Drift now I have spent all my money on Board you, before I have got me another Voyage. You are as hasty with a body to turn out, as a Boatswain in a Storm. Why, but* John, reply'd the Landlady, *d'ost thou think to get a Voyage by Smoaking in the Chimney Corner?* No, says John, *but how do you think a man can look out without a penny of Money in his Breeches? I swear by the Purfers honesty, I had as live step up to furl the Main Saile in a Gust of Wind, without a Knife in my Pocket.* To which reply'd the old Beldam, *Why I would not have thee think what I speak is out of any ill will to thee; for I hope thou thinkst I am willing to do any thing for thee, as far as I am able: Here, there is Sixpence for thee, and prithee John go and look out, and don't fling it away idely: For consider these hard times 'tis a great deal of Money.* He takes the Sixpence, thanks her; and She thus continues, *There are several Ships going out, bound to the West-Indies, that want Men; and I know thou art as able a Seaman as ever walk'd between Stem and Stern of a Ship, that any Commander will be glad to Enter thee. As for that, Mother, says he, I can speak a Proud word for my self, there is ne'er a part of a Seaman, from the Splicing of a Cable to the Cooking of the Kettle, but what I know as well as the Boatswain. Well, Mother, wish me good Luck, I'll go see what I can do, as the Gunner said to the Cooks Duaghter.* She wish'd he might prosper in his endeavours; and away he went.

I could not but reflect on the unhappy lives of these Salt-water kind of Vagabonds, who are never at home, but when they're at Sea, and always are wandering when they're at home; and never contented but when they're on Shore: They're never at ease till they've receiv'd their Pay, and then never satisfied till they have spent it: And when their Pockets are empty, they are Just as much respected by their Landladies (who cheat them of one half, if they spend the other) as a Father is by his *Son-in-Law*, who has Beggar'd himself to give him a good Portion with his Daughter.

Whilst we were thus busying our Brains with thoughts relating to the condition of a Seaman, in steps another of the Tarpauling Fraternity, with his Hat under his Arm, half full of Money, which he hug'd as close as a *School-Boy* does a *Birds-Nest*. As soon as ever he came into the Entry, he sets up his Throat like a Country Bridegroom half drunk, so overjoy'd at his prize, as if he was as little able to contain himself under the Blessing of so much Money, as the Bumpkin was under a Foresight of those Pleasures he expected to find in the Embraces of his New Married Hug-Booby. Ounds, Mother, says our Marine *Cæsus* *where are you?* She hearing his Tongue, thought by his lively expressing himself, he had brought good News; came running with all speed

to meet him, crying, *Here am I, Son Bartholomew; You're Welcome a shore. I hope your Captain and Ships Crew are all well. By Fire and Gunpowder, I don't Care if they be all Sick. Why we are paid off in the Downs, and I am just come up in a Hoy. I hope I can have a Lodging with you, Mother? Ah ha Child! Do'st think I won't find a Lodging for one of my best Children?* In answer to which, he innocently returns this Compliment, *Sure never any Sea-faring Son of a Whore had ever such a good Mother upon shore as I have. Ounds, Mother, let me have a Bucket full of Punch, that we may Swim and Toss in an Ocean of good Liquor, like a couple of little Pinks in the Bay of Biscay. I always said, said she, thou wert my Best Boy: Well, I'll go and prepare thee such a Bowl, that every Cup thou drink'st on't, shall make thee wish for a Loving Sweetheart. Now you talk of that, Mother, how does Sister Betty? She's very well, says old Suck-Pocket; Poor Girl, she'll be at home presently; I expect her every Minute. I believe she has ask'd after you a thousand times since you have been on Board. I dare swear she would be as glad to see you as if you were her Husband.*

In this Interim, whilst she was mixing up a Sea-Cordial for her adopted Sea Calf, John happens to return from his enquiry after a Voyage. Lackaday, John, says his Landlady, with a seeming sorrowful Countenance, *Here's the saddest accident fall'n out since you went abroad, that has put me to such a Puzzel, I know not how to order my Affairs, unless you will let me beg one kindness of you. What a Pox, says John, I'll warrant you now 'tis to lie upon that Lousie Flock-Bed that lies upon the Boards in the Garret. Why truly John, I must tell thee I have one of the best Friends I have in the World, just come on shore; and if you don't oblige me, I shall be put to a sad Non-plus. Here, John, says the old Wheedling Hypocrite here's to thee; Come, drink; 'tis a Cup of the best Brandy, I'll assure you. Here John, fill a Long Pipe of Tobacco: Well, Son John, you say you'll let your Mothers Friend have your Room, Child, won't you? I don't care, not I, says the Foolish Lubber, he may ha't and he wool, I think I han't long to stay with you; I know now I have spent my Fifty Pound with you, you want to be rid of me.*

By this time the Bowl was just begun between Mother and Son; and who should step in, in the lucky Minute, but Sister Betty; and there was such a wonderful Mess of Slip-Slop lick'd up between Brother Bat and Sister Bet, that no two Friends met by accident in a Foreign Plantation could have express'd more Joy in their Greeting: But as soon as ever the White-Chappel Salutation was over, Mrs. Betty I found began to exert some further Arguments of his kindness, than just barely Kissing, and ask'd him, What had he brought his Sister Betty no present from Sea with him? Yes, says he, I have sure. I can as soon forget the Points of my Compass, as forget my Sister Betty: As good a Girl as ever was kist in a Cabbin, or lost her Maidenhead in a Hammock. I told thee if ever I came home again I would present you with a Ring, and there's Money to buy it. How now, Hussie, crys the Mother, how dare you put your Brother to this Charge, you forward Baggage you? Pray give it him again, you'd best, or I'll Ring you, Marry will I, Minks. The Daughter well acquainted with her Mothers Hypocrisy, replies, I did not ask him for't, that I did not. I won't give it him, that I won't. As long as he gave it me, I will keep it, that I will: Why should'nt I?

By

By this time our Punch was exhausted; and remembering we had heard of a Famous Amphibeous House of Entertainment, compounded of one half *Tavern*, and t'other *Musick-house*, made us willing to dedicate half an hour to what Diversion we might there meet with. Accordingly we left the old *Subtile Beldam* and her young *Jilting Fricatrix*, to empty the Fools Cap of his Nine Months Earnings, and send his *Hut* and his Pockets to Sea again, as empty as his Noddle.

As soon as we came to the Sign of the Spiritual Helmet, such as the High Priests us'd to wear when they bid defiance to the Devil, we no sooner enter'd the House, but we heard Fiddles and Hoitboys, together with a Hum-drum Organ, make such incomparable Musick, that had the Harmonious Grunting of a Hog, been added as a Base to the ravishing Concert of Caterwauling Performers, in the height of their extasie, the unusualness of the sound could not have render'd it to a Nice Ear more Engaging. Having heard the Beauty and Contrivance, of the Publick Musick Room, as well as other parts of the House, very highly Commended, we agreed to first take a view of that which was likely to be most Remarkable. In order to which we ascended the Grades, and were usher'd into a most stately Apartment, Dedicated purely to the Lovers of *Musick*, *Painting*, *Dancing*, and t'other thing too. No Gilding, Carving, Colouring, or good Contrivance, was here wanting to Illustrate the Beauty of this most Noble Academy; where a good Genius may Learn with safety to abominate Vice; and a bad Genius, with as much danger to Practice it. The Room, by its compact Order and costly Improvements, looks so far above the use its now converted to, That the Seats are more like Pews than Boxes; and the upper-end being divided by a Rail, looks more like a *Chancel* than a *Musick-Loft*. That I could not but imagine it was built for an *Oaten* Meeting-house, but that they have for ever destroy'd the Sanctity of the Place by putting an Organ in it, round which hung a great many pretty Whimsical Pictures, more particularly one, wherein was describ'd the solemnity formerly us'd at *Horn-Fair*, which, at first, I took (till I was undeceiv'd) for an Assembly of Grave Citizens, going to deliver a Petition to a Court of Common Council, to desire 'em to make a By-Act, or an Act by the by, to prevent Cuckold-making. There were but few Companies in the Room; the most Remarkable Person was a Drunken Commander, who plucking out a handful of Money, to give the Musick Sixpence, dropt a Shilling, and was so very Generous, that he gave an officious Drawer, standing by, half a Crown for stooping to take it up.

The Master finding we were much pleas'd with the Order and Beauty of his Room of State, was so Civil to ask us to see his House, whose kind offer we very readily Embrac'd, following him into several Cleanly and Delightful Rooms, furnish'd for the Entertainment of the best of Company; and to render 'em the more Diverting, had so many Whimsical Figures Painted upon the Pannels, that you could look no way but you must see an Antick, whose Posture would provoke Laughter as much as the *Dumb Man* in the *Red-Cap*, when his Brains are agitated by a Cup of Porters Comfort. When he had show'd us the most Costly Part of his Tippling Conveniency, he brought us into the Kitchen, which was Rail'd in with as much Pomp, as if nothing was to be Dress'd in it, but a Dinner
for

for a Prince. Over-head hung a Harmonious Choir of *Canary-Birds*, Singing; and under them, a parcel of *Sea-Gulls*, Drinking; who made such ordinary Figures, in so fine a Room, that they look'd as homely as a *Bantam Ambassador* in one of the Kings Coaches. From thence he Usher'd us down Stairs, into a *Subteranean* Sanctuary, where his *Sunday* Friends may be Protected from the Insolence of *Church-Wardens*, who every *Sunday*, like *Good Christians*, break the *Sabbath* themselves, to have the Leatchery of Punishing others for the same Fault. Round this *Sots Retiring-Room*, were Painted as many Maggots as ever crawl'd out of an old *Cheeshire Cheese*; in one Pannel a parcel of drunken Women tormenting the Devil, some plucking him by the Nose, like *St. Duftan*; some spewing upon his Worship, and others endeavouring to piss his Eyes out; and many other such like Whimsies. But the most remarkable of all, was the *Bonana-Tree*, which bears a very Evil Fruit, of which Women are most wonderful Lovers: Beneath its Umbrage are a great Number of the kind Sex, Contending for the Wind-falls; and some are so unreasonable, that notwithstanding they have gathered up more than they are able to stick in their Girdles, yet exert the utmost of their strength in endeavouring to shake the Tree: Some measuring what they had pick'd up, with their Spans, to try whether the Size was standard; others quarrelling for those of the largest Growth, like so many Sows for a great Apple; in which Condition we left 'em to dispute the matter, and return'd up Stairs, where we drank a Quart of good Red, thank'd the Master for his Civility and so departed the House, which may very justly be stil'd by such who love good Wine, and a Pleasant Room to sit in, *The Paradise of Wapping*.

Proposing but little more Diversion at this end of the Town, we thought it our best way to be returning Homewards; accordingly we fac'd about, and to make our Walk the more Pleasing, we chose a different Path to what we had before Travel'd, which brought us, after a little Rambling, to the *Danes Church*; it seeming, by the out-side, to be a very Regular and Commodious Building: Which put me upon an Enquiry of my Friend, whether ever he had seen the inside? Who told me *Yes*; and that it was a very Neat and well Compact Tabernacle, but the Congregation to whom it appertain'd, were such a parcel of poor Wainscote Fac'd Christians, they were enough to scare an English Parson out of the Pulpit were he to ascend amongst 'm; and Stunk so of Pitch and Tar, that as soon as ever I had clap'd my Nose into the Church, I thought my self between Decks. Their Uncomb'd Locks, Tobacco Breaths and Sea-faring Apparel, adding such further Frangency to the former, that no Nest of Rats that had taken Sanctuary in a *Cheeshire-Cheese*, could have smelt more Frowfily, And further, says my Friend, it is as Vainly as Rediculously Reported, That the Church is Cover'd with one intire Leaf of Copper, without Joynt or Sodder, which was cast in *Denmark*, but how they stow'd it on Ship-board to bring it over, and how they brought it from the Water-side to the Church, and how at once they rais'd it to the Roof, neither the Inhabitants of the Square, or any Body that reports it, could ever yet inform me: For granting it were True, the Demensions must be so large, and the Ponderosity so great, that it would require in the Performance such wonderful Art and Industry that would be worth Discovering.

From

From thence we Rambled on, like a couple of Sweetners in search of a Country Gudgeon, who thro' greediness of gain, would bite at his share in a drop'd Half-Crown, a gilded Ring, or Rug and Leather, till we came to a Heathenish part of the Town distinguish'd, as we found by Enquiry, with the applicable Title of *Knock Varges*, adjoining to a *Savoury* place which, in Ridicule of Fragrant Fumes that arise from Musty Rotten old Rags, and Burnt Old Shoes, is call'd by the sweet Name of *Rosemary-Lane*; where such a Numberless Congregation of Ill-Favour'd Maukins were gather'd together with their Hand-Baskets, That we thought a Fleet of *French* Protestants had been just arriv'd; and were newly come on Shore with Bag & Baggage, to implore the Charity of *English* well disposed Christians, to shelter them from the terrible Persecution of *Rags, Lice, and Poverty*: But upon a true Inquisition into the meaning of this Tatter'd Multitude being assembled in this surprizing manner, we were inform'd, by a little draggle-Tail *Flap-Cap*, it was *Rag-Fair*, held every day from between two and three of the Clock in the afternoon, till Night: where all the Rag-pickers about Town, and such as swop Earthen Ware for old Apparel, also the Cryers of *Old Sattin, Taffaty, or Velvet*, have recourse, to sell their Commodities, to *Cow-Cross* Merchants, *Long-Lane* Sharpers, and other Brokers, who were as busy in Raking into their Dunghills of old Shreds and Patches, and examining their Wardrobes of decay'd Coats, Breeches, Gowns, and Petticoats, as so many Cocks upon a pile of Horse-Dung, Scraping about the Filth to find an Oat worth Picking at; or like a Parsons Hogs on a Monday Morning, routing about a Church-yard to find a S——nce worth biting at.

The adjacent Magistrates, we were inform'd, had us'd the utmost of their endeavours to suppress their Meeting, but to no purpose; for their *Number* bids defiance to all Molestation, and their *Impudence* and *Poverty* are such, that they fear neither Goal nor Punishment. You may here see the very scum of the Kingdom in a Body consisting of more *Ragged Regiments*, than ever, I believe, were muster'd together at any other Rendezvouz since the Worlds Creation. Its a rare place for a Miser to lay his Letchery at a small expence; for Twopence will go as far here in Womans Flesh, as half a Crown at Madam *Quarles*, and with much less danger of Repenting his Bargain. Its a very Healthful part of the Town, to cure Lazy People of the Yellow Jaundies; for Body-Lice are so plenty, that I dare engage they may have them without buying. It's a good Market for Country Farmers to buy their Scarecrows at; for let them but Bargain with the Rag Women to dress 'em up some *Maukins* in imitation of themselves, they need not fear but fright the Birds out of their Corn, and the Hogs out of their Pease-field; for I observed every Dog that came by scowr'd thro' 'em with as much expedition as an offending Soldier that runs the Gantlet thro a Regiment. Some of them, who by many years industry, having conquer'd the difficulties of this World, and rais'd themselves to the prodigal pitch of Twenty Shillings before-hand, were crept into little Huts and Holes, about as big as a Dog-kennel, and Lorded it over the poor Street-sitting-Vagabonds, like a Country Justice of Peace over his poor Neighbours. The Women that cry *Pancakes*, and the Girls that cry *Diddle, Diddle, Dumplings* ho, were wonderful busy amongst 'em; and several little Ale-houses are already crept in amongst 'em, to ease 'em of their pence as fast as they

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can

can raise 'em by the Sale of their Commodities; The Flesh of the Inhabitants, as well as the Market-People, look'd of such a dingie Complexion, as if Dame Nature had mix'd kennel dirt with her Clay, as Bricklayers do with their Mortar, to make it bind the faster; or else as if fresh water was as scarce in the Neighbourhood as 'tis in *Antego*. All Strangers that came by look'd about 'em as if frighted; and like us, till they were better satisfied, thought they had fallen into a Congregation of Vipers, who look'd as if the good and bad Angels were sharing their interest in this World; and in order to separate the Righteous from the Ungodly, the Devil had drove his Parcel to this end of the Town, where he had drawn 'em together, in order to Embarque for his Infernal Territories; for it would amaze any body at first sight, to think what such a Number of poor Wretches could do together, unless like Seamen in a long Calm, they were going to draw Cuts about devouring one another. The chief Customers were Mumpers, and People as Ragged as themselves, who came to barter *Scraps* for *Patches*; observing it was a very Currant Swop to chang *Food* for *Rayment*; that is, such needful Repairs as a Beggars Breeches may want between the Legs, or his Coat at Armpits or Elbows. Some Rags I observ'd were parcel'd out for better purposes, and would not be dispos'd of to any but ready money Customers: Many of their Stocks were so very small, that, I found Twopence, or Three-pence, were accounted, amongst some of them, considerable Takings. Yet this observation I made, That amongst all that I beheld, as I pass'd thro' 'em, I saw not one melancholy or dejected Countenance amongst 'em; but all showing in their Looks more Content and Chearfulness than you shall find in an Assembly of Great and Rich Men on a Publick Festival. From whence we may Reasonably Conjecture, that *Poverty* is commonly attended with such a Careless Indifference, that frees the Mind from reflecting on its Miseries. For undoubtedly were these despicable Paupers, but to let the unhappiness of their Circumstances once affect their thoughts, and become an Object of their Consideration, it would have such a melancholy Effect upon their Spirits, as would be soon legible in their Looks, and discernable even in their Actions, which would want that Vigour and Vivacity necessary to perform whatever they undertake

As we were thus Descanting upon the Ragged Sons and Daughters of Necessity, a formal Figure pass'd by us, in an Ancient Plate-Button'd Suit, with an old fashion'd Silver Hilted Sword, tuck'd up to the Waist-Band of his Breeches, in a long Wig, buckled up in small Rings, as if, like an old Cavaliers Whiskers, every Hair had been turn'd up with Gum-water, the Curles hanging all as stiff as a Pigs Tail, and as regular as the Worm of a Bottle Screw, his Hat as dusty as the top of a Sluts Cup-board, and his Hands and Face look'd as rusty as an Old Neglected Picture, that had lain seven Years in a Garret full of Rubbish; as he Waddled by us in great haste, he gave my Friend the Civility of his Hat, which was by us return'd; but looking after him, observ'd he had left the Print of his Fingers where he had handled the Brims, as plain as a *Chimney-Sweeper* could have done, if he had clap'd a *Meal-Man* upon the Shoulders; but taking Notice of his Comeliness, I ask'd my Friend, if he had any acquaintance with him? Who told me, he had seen him sometimes at the *Green Dragon Tavern*, but had little knowledge of him, any other than
that

that he had heard several Odd Stories of him, from some who use the House, that are much better acquainted with him: He is very Famous among those that know him, for Three Slovenly Neglects, *viz.* He very seldom Washes his Hands, or Face; very rarely Brushes his Hat; and never Combs his Wig but when he goes to Church, which is not above Once in a Twelve-Month; for he is a Man of no extraordinary Principles, but one who has run thro' a great many Cunning Professions without success, as *Merchant, Brewer, Lawyer, &c.* and failing in all, is at last, thro' a Natural Propensity to exert his Wits, turn'd *Sharper*.

By this time we were got into *Goodmans-Fields*, where passing by the *Little Devil Coffee-House*, my Friend gave me such a large Encomium both of the *People* and their *Punch*, That I, like himself, was unwilling to let slip so good an opportunity of Refreshing my Intellects, with a little of that most Edifying Liquor; which if Compounded of good Ingredients, and Prepar'd with true Judgment, Exceeds all the Simple Potable Products in the Universe. At our first Entrance of the Publick Room, we found a Jolly Company blessing one another o'er a plentiful Bowle of this Corroborating Creature, whose Excellencies were visible in the very Looks of its Lovers: The Worldly Air of their Countenances, being chang'd into a Heavenly Chearfulness. This pleasing sight gave me great encouragement to walk up Stairs; where in a Room neat enough to entertain *Venus* and the *Graces*, we were in a Minutes expedition supply'd with an *Indian* Goblet of their Infallible Cordial, which in half an hour, had carry'd off the Dregs of our Flegmatick Constitutions, and so sublim'd our Thoughts, that we found our selves Elevated above the Pitch of Humane Conversation: And having the Company of our Landlord, and a Friend or two of his, as Jolly as himself, the Cup pass'd round in a Circle, as an Emblem of Eternity, till at last I was so highly inspir'd by the Noble Virtues of our *Nectar*, that I had much ado to forbear thinking I was in a State of Immortality. And that which added much more to our Felicity, and crown'd the Pleasures of our Liquor, were these following Advantages; My *Landlord* was good *Company*, my *Landlady* good *humour'd*, her *Daughters* charmingly pretty, and the *Maid* tollerably *Handsome*; who can Laugh, Cry, say her *Prayers*, sing a *Song*, all in a Breath; and can turn in a Minutes time to all the Sublunary points of a Female Compass: Yet thus much I must say in her behalf, that she's obedient to her Mistress, and obliging to Company, and I dare swear, as far as a Man may guess by outward appearance, she'll prove an excellent Bed-fellow to him that has the luck to Marry her.

After we had thoroughly awaken'd our Drowsie Brains with a sufficient Quantity of this unparallel'd *Punch*, my Friend Writ the following Verses.

In

In Praise of PUNCH.

Immortal Drink, whose Compound is of Five,
 More Praise do'st thou deserve, than Man can give;
 A Cordial that supports the Troubled Heart,
 And do'st infuse new Life, in ev'ry part:
 Thou clear'st our Reason, and inform'st the Soul,
 And makes us Demy-gods, when o're a Bowl,
 Inspir'd by thee, we're rais'd to such a Pitch;
 That things beyond Mortality we reach,
 Such as without thy Pow'r no Stag'rite e'er could Teach.
 Had our Forefathers but thy Virtues known,
 Their Foggie Ale to Lubbers they'd have thrown;
 And Stuck to thee, who gives the Soul a Sight
 Of things that Study ne'er could bring to Light.
 Which if they had, I may with Reason say,
 Our Great Great Grandfathers might have seen this day;
 Had they th' Effects of this Di'pente seen,
 Five would have sure the Golden Number been.
 Let Musick Judge thy Harmony alone,
 A Fifth's a Concord, but a Seventh's none.
 Therefore thou surely dost excel in Heaven,
 And Justly takes the upper Hand of Seven.
 Thou Friendship knit'st, and do'st the same Preserve;
 They who Neglect thee, do not Live, but Starve:
 Slight those great Benefits they might Possess,
 Which Wine can't Equalize, or Words Express.
 Thou clear'st all Doubts, and driv'st away all Care,
 And mak'st Mankind show truly what we are;
 When to thy Pow'r we chearfully submit,
 And round the Bowl, thy flowing Confiner, sit,
 We Paradise Regain, and Re-injoy
 That happy State, which common Ills Destroy.
 The Sober Muckworms, who thy Name abuse,
 And with Contempt thy Jolly Cups refuse,
 Are Ploding Knaves, who're fearful to betray
 Some base Designs they are about to Play;
 And therefore without Danger cannot Trust,
 Evils with thee, that art Divinely Just.
 Thou art the Key to humane Heads and Hearts,
 O'er thee, the Modest, Witty, show their Parts.

Thou

Thou put'st new Vigour into Life's old Springs,
The Poet Rhimes, and the Musician Sings;
The Artist does his Rules and Means disclose,
The Lawyer Feeless tells you what he knows.
The Parson quits Divinity and Drinks;
At all our little Slips and Failings Winks;
Nor tells you what he has Read, but truly thinks.
The Virgin all her Coyness lays aside,
And hears a Love Petition without Pride,
Shewing those Faults, before by Art she hid.
The Wife, will by her true Behaviour show,
Whether sh'as Horn'd the Goodmans Head, or no;
The Subtile Widow, will her Love set forth,
And frankly tell you, what she's truly worth.

In thee one Virtue more, I must commend,
Of Liquors, thou'rt the only Womans Friend;
'Twill make the Youth, his utmost Pow'r exert,
And the old Fumbler, play the young Mans Part.

To thee, my only Mistress, could I Raise,
An everlasting Monument of Praise.

For thus much may I justly say in fine,
Thou hast an Excellence surpassing Wine,
And art the only Cordial that's Divine.

Therefore to know this mighty Truth I want,
If a Saint first made Punch, or Punch first made a Saint.

We now return'd back again to our buzzing Metropolis, the City; where Honesty and Plain-Dealing were lay'd aside, to pursue the wonderful Expectancies so many Thousands had from a mixture of Projectors Knavery and their own Folly. The Gazette and Post-Papers lay by Neglected; and nothing was purr'd over in the Coffee-houses but the Ticket-Catalogues: No talking of the Jubilee, the want of a current Trade with France, or the Scotch Settlement at Darien; nothing buzz'd about by the Purblind Trumpeters of State-News, but Blank and Benefit. My Son had Five Pounds in such a Lottery, but got nothing; my Daughter, says another, had but Five Shillings, and got the Twenty Pound Prize. People Running up and down the Streets in Crowds and Numbers, as if one end of the Town was on Fire, and the other were running to help 'em off with their Goods. One stream of Coachmen, Footmen, Prentice-Boys, and Servant-Wenches, flowing one way, with wonderful hopes of getting an Estate for Three Pence. Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, and Traders, Marry'd Ladies, Virgin-Madams, Jilts, Concubines, and Stumpets, Moving on Foot, in Sedans,

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Charriots,

Charriots, and Coaches, another way; with a Pleasing Expectancy of getting Six Hundred a Year for a Crown.

Thus were all the *Fools* in Town so busily imploy'd in running to one *Lottery* or another, that it was as much as *London* could do, to conjure together such Numbers of *Knaves* as might Cheat 'em fast enough of their Money. The Unfortunate crying out as they went along, *A Cheat, a Cheat, a Confounded Cheat, nothing of Fairness in't*. The Fortunate, in Opposition to the other, *Crying, 'Tis all Fair, all Fair, the Fairest Adventure that ever was Drawn*: And thus every body, according to their success, expressing variously their Sentiments. Tho' the Loosers, who may be said to be in the Wrong of it to venture their Money, were most Right in their Conception; and the Gainers, who were in the Right of it, to their Opinion of the matter: For I have much ado to forbear believing that *Luck in a Bag*, is almost as Honest as *Fortune in a Wheel*, or any other of the like Projects. Truly, says my Friend, I confess I cannot conceive any extraordinary Opinion of the Fairness of any *Lottery*; for I am very apt to believe, when ever such a Number of *Fools* fall into a *Knaves* Hand, he will make the most of 'em; and I think the *Parliament* could not have given the Nation greater Assurances of their especial regard to the Well-fare of the Publick, than by suppressing all *Lotteries*, which only serve to bouy up the mistaken Multitude with Dreams of Golden Showers, to the expence of their Money, which with hard Labour they have Earn'd; and often to the Neglect of their Business, which doubles the Inconveniency. The Gentry indeed might make it their Diversion, but the common People make it a great part of their Care and Business, hoping thereby to relieve a Neccessitous Life; instead of which, they plunge themselves further into an Ocean of Difficulties. What if one Man in Ten Thousand gets Five Hundred Pounds, what Benefit is that to the rest, who have struggled hard for Fools Pence to make up the Sum, which perhaps falls to one who stood not in need of Fortunes Favours

Prethee, says my Friend, let's go to *Mercers-Chappel*, and see how the Crowd behave themselves there: Ten to one but we shall find something or other that may be Diverting to our selves, and worth rendering to the Publick. Accordingly we directed our selves thither; to which Rendezvous of Adventurers, as well as our selves, abundance of *Fools* from all parts of the Town were flocking; none shewing a Desparing Countenance, but all expressing as much hopes in their Looks, as if every one had had an assurance from a *Moor-fields Conjuror* of having the great Prize. Some being thoughtful how to Improve it, should it so happen; some, how happily they'd Enjoy it; Women, what fine Cloaths they'd Wear; Maids, what handsome Husbands they'd have; Beaus, what fine Wigs they'd Wear; and Sots, what rare Wine they'd Drink; the Religious, what Charitable Works they'd do; and young Libertines, what fine Whores they'd keep. In the Porch, or Entry of the *Hall*, was a Booksellers-Shop; where they Sold the Printed Benefits, for which the People were so Impatient, that there could not be more clawing

ing amongst Mumpers at a Noblemans Gate, (when he goes out of the Town) at the distribution of his Charity. With much ado we crowded into the *Hall*, where *Young* and *Old*, *Rich* and *Poor*, *Gentle* and *Simple*, were mix'd higgles-de-piggles-de, all gaping for a Benefit, like so many Fortunes Minions, waiting for a Windfal from the Blind Ladies Golden Pippin Tree, whilst the Projector and the Honourable Trustees sat Laughing in their Sleeves, to see fair Play dealt out to the attentive Assembly, whose avaritious Hearts went a Pit-a-Pat at the Drawing of every Ticket.

Every now and then, when a Benefit arose, some impatient Novice or other crying out, *That's mine*; bussling up to the Trustees, producing his Ticket to prevent that Fraud, which, tho' he had ventur'd his Money, he was fearful might be Practicable amongst 'em. It sometimes proving that the Adventurer had mistaken his Number, or the Number that was Drawn to the Benefit, which unhappy Mistake would be such a disappointment to 'em, that their silly Looks would render 'em a Laughing-stock to the whole Congregation of Fortunes Courtiers, every one equally big with the hopes of being the only Favourite.

My Friend and I having no pretence, or title to be rank'd, by any accident, in the number of the Fortunate, having Ventur'd nothing in their plausible piece of Uncertainty, thought it not worth our while to spend any further time amongst 'em, but concluded to march about our Business, and leave the numerous Sons and Daughters of Fortune, to flatter themselves with the vain hopes of their Mothers kindness. Going, when we came out, to a neighbouring Coffee-House, where we smoak'd a Pipe, and consulted of some *New Measures* to take in our next *Spy*; which having agreed on, we retir'd home, where I scribled o'er the following Lines upon *Lotteries*, with which I shall conclude.

What sundry Projects the Ingenious find,
T' Allure and Cozen Avaritious Fools;
And draw the Common People, who are Blind,
In all their Stratagems to be their Tools?

The hopes of suddain Wealth, does most deceive,
When 'tis from Labour and from Danger free;
Let but the hopes be plausible you give,
And most Men will with your Designs agree.

For all men love Prosperity and Ease,
And when its Prospect they with Safety have,
Tho' at a vast long Distance, yet 'will please,
More surely him, whom Want does most Enslave.

This made the Lott'ries with the Crow'd prevail;
The Odds, tho' great, they never mind to Scan;
As long as each among the Num'rous All,
Has equal hopes to be the happy Man.

*The vast Deduction, for the Pains and Charge,
Of Ten per Cent, in Reason is too great;
And where the gain in Justice is too Large,
The very Profit is alone a Cheat.*

*Thousands, 'tis plain, would soon have been Undone,
Had the late Act much longer been delay'd;
Where many suffer to enrich but one,
All such designs are in their Nature bad.*

*All loose vain Projects ought to be debar'd;
Which are of Evil to the Publick known,
Wherein Projectors have a large Reward,
For doing what had better ne'er been done.*

*This is enough to prove they hurtful are;
Since amongst all the Adventurers you meet,
To one who has reason to believe 'em Fair,
A thousand shall cry out, A Cheat a Cheat.*

*He that Projects, or Models the Design,
Like the Box-keeper, certain is to Win:
In Lott'ries 'tis the same as 'tis in Play,
The Knave's the Vulture, and the Fool's the Prey.*

FINIS.
